MILLENNIAL CHIMES

BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON

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MILLENNIAL CHIMES

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

· BY ·

REV. A. B. SIMPSON

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PREFACE.

The simple poems found in the following pages are the overflowings of a heart which can truly say, with John Bunyan in his immortal Dreamer, "I wrote because joy did make me write." They make no pretension to poetic merit. They have been sung in many of our conventions throughout the country, and the words will be recognized by many hearts as the echoes of messages and Divine impressions in days that are passed.

They have often cheered and refreshed the heart of the writer, and he would pass them on with the simple hope that they may prove a cup of cold water or a breath of inspiration to some of the Master's tired workers or weary watchers for the breaking of the day.

CONTENTS.

HYMNS OF THE CHRIST LIFE.

The Heavenly Guest, ... 9
For Jesus, ... 11
Look on the Bright Side, . . . 12
The Peace of God 14
Power from on High 17
Keep Sweet 20
Timnath Serah 24
Forward 27
Breathing Out and Breathing In . 30
Is It for Me? 32
The Way Everlasting, ... 34
Even as He, ... 37
Living in His Love 40
Fill the Censer, ... 41
I Am Entering In, ... 43
As a Little Child, ... 44
Nothing is Too Hard for Jesus, . . 45
Glory, ... 47
It Means Just What it Says, . . 49

I Have Overcome for Thee, . . . 52
God's Best, ... 53
God's Thoughts, ... 55
The Love of Christ, ... 57
Love's Portrait, ... 60
Looking Over, ... 61
Only Wait, ... 64

HYMNS OF INVITATION.

The Son of Man, ... 69
Come to Jesus Now, ... 71
Come Back to God. 72
Is it Right With God? 73
Nothing to Do But to Come, . . . 75

HYMNS OF HEALING.

Balm in Gilead, ... 79
Healing in His Wings, ... 81

CHIMES OF HOPE.

Some Sweet Morn, ... 85
Even So, ... 87
Ready, ... 89
Roll On, ... 91
Meet Me in the Air, ... 93
He is Coming for Me, ... 95

Wipe My Tears, ... 99
Christ is Conqueror, Hallelujah ! . . 102
Help Along, ... 104
Pass It On, ... 106
A Cry Is Ever Sounding, ... 108
Thy Brother's Blood, ... 110
Gideon's Band, ... 112
Hold the Ropes, ... 114
Anywhere With Jesus, ... 117
Away, ... 119
Japan for Jesus, ... 121
Beautiful Japan, ... 122
Wave the Gospel Banner, ... 125
India for Jesus, ... 127
The Southern Cross, ... 130
The Land of Sinim, ... 134
Only a Little Baby Girl, ... 136
Tell the Polynesian, ... 139
The Dark Soudan, ... 141
Jerusalem, ... 143
Zion's Awaking, ... 146
All Around the World, ... 152
Just Beyond the Golden Gate, . . . 154

Hymns of the Christ Life.

Millennial Chimes.

The Heavenly Guest.

HOLY Ghost, I bid Thee welcome;
Come, and be my holy Guest.
Heavenly Dove, within my bosom,
Make Thy home and build Thy nest.

I am lone and sad without Thee,
Thou hast made my heart for Thee;
Leave me not a helpless orphan,
Come, O come, and dwell in me.

As the birdling needs its mother,
So I need Thee, Mother Dove;

As the flower drinks the sunshine,
So I live upon Thy love.

Come and banish all that grieves Thee,
Come and cleanse from all my sin,
Bring me Jesus in His fullness,
Make my heart a heaven within.

Heal my sick and broken body,
Guide my stumbling steps each hour ;
Be my Comforter and Teacher,
Fill and use me by Thy power.

Lead me on to all Thy fullness,
Bring me to Thy promised rest ;
Holy Ghost, I bid Thee welcome,
Be my holy, heavenly Guest.

For Jesus.

HOW can my heart the world refuse,
Content my earthly all to lose,
That I the better part may choose?
I do it all for Jesus.

How can I meekly suffer wrong,
With patience sweet, and courage strong,
Repeating still my happy song?
I do it all for Jesus.

How can I welcome toil and pain,
That I another soul may gain?
Still singing on my glad refrain,
I do it all for Jesus.

How can I seek and save the lost,
The souls forlorn and tempest-tossed,
Regarding not the hardest cost?
I do it all for Jesus.

How can I go to heathen lands,
To Greenland's snows or Afric's sands,
Obedient to the Lord's commands?
I do it all for Jesus.

Look on the Bright Side.

WOULD you know a wis and wondrous watchword?
Would you learn a great and priceless art?
Would you find the sweet and sacred secret
Of a bright and happy heart?

While we walk with Him in holy rightness
We must shine as children of the light;
While we shout our happy hallelujahs,
We must also do the right.

God, who reared the solid rocks and mountains,
Clothed with bloom and green their smiling face,

All His love would clothe our rigid rightness
With His loveliness and grace.

Would you find the heavenly pathway easy?
Would you run with joy the shining way?
You must trust with Him your cares and sorrows;
You must hearken and obey.

Would you know an antidote for sickness,
Would you find a balm for every pain,
You must drink the springs of holy gladness;
You must keep from every stain.

Let us ever look upon the bright side,
Let us ever stand upon the right;
Righteousness will be our heavenly breastplate,
Joy will keep our armor bright.

The Peace of God.

THERE'S a peace that passeth understanding,
For the prayerful, trustful, thankful heart ;
Like a garrison the soul commanding,
It will shield from every fiery dart ;
Would you know to whom this peace is given ?
Would you find the very joy of heaven ?
Be careful for nothing,
Be prayerful for everything,
Be thankful for anything,
And the peace of God that passeth understanding
Shall keep your mind and heart.

Are you fearing, fretting or repining ?
You can never know God's perfect peace.

On His bosom all your weight reclining,
All your anxious doubts and cares must cease.
Would you know the peace that God hath given?
Would you find the very joy of heaven?

Be careful for nothing,
Be prayerful for everything,
Be thankful for anything,
And the peace of God that passeth understanding
Shall keep your mind and heart.

You may bring Him every care and burden,
You may tell Him every need in prayer;
You may trust Him for the darkest morrow,
He is caring, wherefore need you care?
Would you know the peace His grace has given?
Would you find the very joy of heaven?

Be careful for nothing,
Be prayerful for everything,
Be thankful for anything,
And the peace of God that passeth understanding
Shall keep your mind and heart.

Faith can never reach its consummation
Till the victor's thankful song we raise;
In the glorious City of Salvation
God has told us all the Gates are Praise.
Would we claim the peace that God has given?
Would we know the very joy of heaven?
Be careful for nothing,
Be prayerful for everything,
Be thankful for anything,
And the peace of God that passeth understanding
Shall keep your mind and heart.

Power from on High.

GRACIOUS, heavenly Father,
Hear Thy people's cry ;
See us how we languish,
Help us ere we die.
Send us by Thy Spirit
Power from on high.

Promise of the Father,
Spirit, ever nigh,
Wherefore should we languish,
Wherefore should we die?
Thou hast come to bring us
Power from on high.

O how long we struggle,
O how hard we try !

Helplessly we labor,
  Hopelessly we sigh ;
Till Thy Spirit gives us
  Power from on high.

As the showers water
  Deserts parched and dry,
As the vernal sunshine
  Brings the summer nigh,
Quickening Spirit, bring us
  Power from on high.

As the winds of heaven
  O'er the ocean fly,
As the mighty lightnings
  Flashing through the sky,
Send us, mighty Father,
  Power from on high.

Send Divine conviction,
Bring salvation nigh,
Crucify and quicken,
Save and sanctify.
Bring us, blessed Spirit,
Power from on high.

Father, at Thy footstool
Low Thy children lie.
See us as we languish,
Hear us as we cry.
Send us by Thy Spirit
Power from on high.

Keep Sweet.

THERE'S a little secret
Worth its weight in gold ;
Easy to remember,
Easy to be told ;
Changing into blessing
Every curse we meet,
Turning hell to heaven ;
This is all—keep sweet.

Make us kind and gentle,
Harmless as the dove ;
Giving good for evil,
Meeting hate with love.
What though trials press us,
What though tempests beat ;
Naught can move or harm us,
If we just keep sweet.

Storms may rage around us,
  Waves may sweep the deck ;
But, with hatches covered,
  Naught our bark can wreck.
Sorrow cannot crush us,
  Satan must retreat,
If within our spirit
  All is right and sweet.

Sweet when things are bitter,
  Sweet when things are sad ;
Giving songs for sighing,
  Making others glad.
In the quiet household,
  On the bustling street,
Everywhere and always,
  Jesus, keep us sweet.

When our foes assail us,
  When our friends betray ;
When our brightest prospects

Wither and decay ;
Christ can fill our sadness
With a joy replete,
Turning grief to gladness,
Making sorrow sweet.

Fountain in the desert
Song amid the night,
Beacon in the darkness,
Star of hope and light ;
Sunshine 'mid the tempest,
Shadow from the heat,
So, our blessed Master,
Make us, keep us, sweet.

Armor bright and heavenly,
Breastplate tried and true ;
Wall of fire around us,
Shield and buckler, too ;
Helmet of salvation,
Panoply complete ;

Watchword all-victorous,
This is all—keep sweet.

Like the buds and blossoms
Found on Aaron's rod,
Like the holy incense
Offered up to God ;
Make us, blessed Master,
For Thy service meet ;
Fragrant, pure, and holy,
Satisfied and sweet.

Blessed rose of Sharon
Breathe upon our hearts,
Fill us with Thy fragrance
Keep us as Thou art.
Then Thy life will make us
Holy and complete ;
In Thy grace triumphant,
In Thy sweetness, sweet.

Timnath Serah.

LET me dwell on Timnath Serah,
Where the sun forever shines ;
Where the night and darkness come not,
And the day no more declines ;
Where our mourning days are ended,
And our nights of weeping done ;
Let me dwell on Timnath Serah,
Glorious City of the Sun.

Joshua dwelt on Timnath Serah
When his mighty task was done.
All he asked was Timnath Serah,
Glorious City of the Sun.
So would I, o'er sin victorious,
All my Land of Promise won,
Dwell with Christ on Timnath Serah,
Glorious City of the Sun.

Let me dwell on Timnath Serah,
  Where the clouds of sinful care
Cannot reach my happy dwelling
  In that pure, celestial air.
Doubt and fear and sin behind me,
  Earth beneath me, heaven begun ;
O, how sweet is Timnath Serah,
  Blessed City of the Sun !

O the bracing, heavenly breezes,
  O the pure, celestial air
Blowing soft on Timnath Serah—
  Sickness cannot linger there.
I am drawing, every moment,
  Healing from the Holy One ;
Breathing in the air of heaven
  In the City of the Sun.

O the heights of holy rapture ;
  O the fellowship Divine ;
Grapes of Eschol, corn of Canaan,
  Living Bread and Heavenly Wine ;

O the ceaseless sweet communion
Of the Father and the Son !
O the joys of Timnath Serah,
Glorious City of the Sun !

From the heights of Timnath Serah
O what glorious visions rise !
Over all the Land of Promise
And the hills of Paradise !
And we watch for His appearing—
When a few more years are run
He will find us waiting for Him
In the City of the Sun.

Would you dwell on Timnath Serah ?
You must die to self and sin ;
You must cease from care and doubting,
You must know the Christ within.
You must open all your being
To receive the Holy One,
And you'll wake in Timnath Serah,
Glorious City of the Sun !

Forward.

FORWARD, forward ; let the host go forward !
Hear the mighty watchword from on high ;
Raise the banner, lift it higher, higher,
Bear it forth to glorious victory.
All too long we've lingered round our camp-fires,
Let the blood-stained banner be unfurled;
Forward, forward, like a mighty army,
Bear the Gospel banner o'er the world.

Forward, forward, leave the past behind thee,
Reaching forth unto the things before ;
All the Land of Promise lies before thee,
God has greater blessings yet in store.

On to broader fields of holy vision,
On to loftier heights of faith and love;
Onward, upward, wholly apprehending
All for which He calls thee from above.

Forward, forward, rise to nobler service,
Fold the tent and bear the banner on;
There are new and larger fields to conquer,
There are grander victories to be won.
There are souls with no one else to care for,
There are things that no one else can do;
Forward, forward, choose the post of danger,
Go where Christ has greatest need of you.

Forward, forward, on to every nation,
Give the glorious Gospel to the world;
Over all the lands that lie in darkness
Let the blood-stained banner be unfurled.
On till every tongue and tribe and kindred
Hear the glorious Gospel's joyful sound;

Forward, forward, till the name of Jesus
Shall re-echo all the world around.

Forward, forward, He is leading forward,
Lo ! the Pillar Cloud is moving on ;
We are going forth to meet the Bridegroom,
As He comes to claim His Advent Throne.
Soon the little flock will all be gathered,
Soon the glorious Bride will be complete ;
Forward, forward, just a little longer,
And we'll ground our arms at Jesus' feet!

Breathing Out and Breathing In.

JESUS, breathe Thy Spirit on me,
Teach me how to breathe Thee in;
Help me pour into Thy bosom
All my life of self and sin.

I am breathing out my own life
That I may be filled with Thine,
Letting go my strength and weakness,
Breathing in Thy strength divine.

Breathing out my sinful nature,
Thou hast borne it all for me:
Breathing in Thy cleansing fullness,
Finding all my life in Thee.

I am breathing out my sorrow
On Thy kind and gentle breast;

Breathing in Thy joy and comfort,
Breathing in Thy peace and rest.

I am breathing out my sickness,
Thou hast borne its burden too ;
I am breathing in Thy healing,
Ever promised, ever new.

I am breathing out my longings
In Thy listening, loving ear ;
I am breathing in Thy answers,
Stilling every doubt and fear.

I am breathing every moment,
Drawing all my life from Thee ;
Breath by breath I live upon Thee,
Every moment breathe in me.

Is It For Me?

IS it for me to be pardoned and saved,
Simply by trusting His word?
Is it for one so defiled and depraved,
Jesus to claim as my Lord?

Is it for me to be cleansed by His power
From the pollution of sin?
Is it for me to be kept every hour
By His abiding within?

Is it for me to be perfectly whole
Through His anointing divine?
Claiming in spirit, and body and soul
All of His fullness as mine?

Is it for me e'en to ask what I will
And to receive it from Him?

Can I expect that His fullness will fill
Even my cup to the brim?

Is it for me to rejoice and be glad,
Even when tempests may roar?
Never again to be anxious or sad,
But to rejoice evermore?

Is it for me to be used by His grace,
Helping His kingdom to bring?
Is it for me to inherit a place
E'en on the Throne of my King?

Is it for me to be heir to a crown
Brighter than ruby or sun?
Is it for me on the world to look down,
And its ambitions to shun?

Is it for me to be with Him above,
And to be even as He?
Wonderful, matchless and Infinite Love!
Are there such glories for me?

The Way Everlasting.

SEARCH me, O God! search me and
know my heart,
Try me and prove me in the hidden part,
Cleanse me and make me holy as Thou art,
And lead me in the way Everlasting.

Thou art the same to-day and yesterday,
O! make Thy life in me the same alway,
Take from my heart the things that pass
away,
And lead me in the way Everlasting.

Give me the trust that naught can check or
chill,
The love that lives unchanged through
good and ill,

The joy that through all trials triumphs still,
And lead me in the way Everlasting.

Take my poor heart and only let me love
The things and friends that shall abiding prove,
Bind all my heart-strings to the world above,
And lead me in the way Everlasting.

Help me to lay my treasures up on high,
Teach me to seek my fortune in the sky,
Keep my best things for the blest by-and-by,
And lead me in the way Everlasting.

O ! let my work abide the testing day,
That shall consume the stubble and the hay,

Build me upon the eternal Rock, I pray,
And lead me in the way Everlasting.

Breathe Thine own breath through all my
mortal frame,
Help me Thy resurrection life to claim,
Which, 'mid all changes, still abides the
same,
And lead me in the way Everlasting.

Give me the heavenly foretaste here, I pray,
Let faith foredate the Everlasting day,
And, walking in its glory all the way,
O ! lead me in the way Everlasting.

Even as He.

OH ! what a wonderful place
Jesus has given to me !
Saved by His glorious grace,
I may be even as He.

When with my Lord I appear,
Like Him I know I shall be ;
But while I walk with Him here,
I may be even as He.

One in His death on the tree,
One as He rose from the dead ;
I from the curse am as free
E'en as my glorious Head.

One on the Throne by His side,
One in His Sonship Divine,

One as the Bridegroom and Bride,
One as the Branch and the Vine.

One in His merits I stand,
One as I pray in His name ;
All that His worth can command
I can with confidence claim.

One in His faith and His love,
One in His life I may be ;
Sealed by the Heavenly Dove,
I may be holy, as He.

One in the sorrows He bore,
One in His service so true ;
Even His tears I may share,
Even His works I may do.

Even His peace and His joy
Jesus hath given to me ;
What can distress or annoy ?
I am as happy as He.

One in the rapturous hour
When He shall come for His own ;
Raised by His glorious power,
I shall sit down on His Throne.

All that He has shall be mine,
All that He is I shall be ;
Robed in His glory Divine,
I shall be even as He.

Living in His Love.

OH ! the precious words that Jesus left us
Ere He went above ;
"As My Father loved Me I have loved you;
Live in My love."

Oh ! how great the cost His love has suffered,
All its depths to prove !
Let us never doubt His loving kindness
Or grieve His love.

Oh ! the light it sheds on all around us,
Shining from above ;
As we walk with Him in heavenly places,
In perfect heavenly love.

Saviour, shed abroad Thy love within us
By the heavenly Dove ;
Help us to abide in Thee each moment,
And in Thy love.

Fill the Censer.

LIKE a golden censer glowing,
Filled with burning odors rare,
All my heart is upward flowing,
In a cloud of ceaseless prayer.

O'er the heavenly altar bending,
Jesus interceding stands,
And our prayers to heaven ascending
Reach the Father through His hands.

Let us bring our least petitions,
Like the incense beaten small,
All our cares, complaints, conditions
Jesus loves to bear them all.

Send the coals of heavenly fire
From the altar of the skies;

Fill our hearts with strong desire,
Till our prayers like incense rise.

Sweet as breath of spices burning,
Keep our hearts like incense rare,
All our being heavenward turning
In a cloud of ceaseless prayer.

I Am Entering In.

I HAVE come with my guilt to the altar of blood,
In the laver of cleansing I'm washed from my sin,
And now to the innermost presence of God,
To the Holy of Holies, I'm entering in.

In my blood-sprinkled robes I can stand without dread,
Where the lamps of the Lord o'er the Cherubim shine;
I'm feasting my soul on the heavenly bread,
I am breathing the odors of incense Divine.

I have passed thro' the vail to the sacred abode
Where His glory the Saviour reveals to His own,
And now, in the innermost presence of God,
I am dwelling forever, with Jesus alone.

As a Little Child.

WHEN He came from heaven to earth,
Jesus stooped to mortal birth
As a little child ;
Now He reigns above the sky,
But the name He bears on high
Is God's holy child.

As of old, on Christmas morn,
Christ in us again is born
As a little child ;
And He bids His followers be
Meek and holy, e'en as He,
Like a little child.

Give me, Lord, the childlike heart,
Make me simple, free from art,
As a little child ;

Trustful, loving, glad and free,
Sweet and holy let me be
Like a little child.

Jesus, treat me as a child,
And when swept by tempests wild
Still Thy troubled child.
Hush my doubts and fears to rest,
And upon Thy gentle breast
Fold Thy little child.

Nothing is Too Hard for Jesus.

OFT there comes a wondrous message
When my hopes are growing dim;
I can hear it through the darkness,
Like some sweet and far-off hymn.
Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
No man can work like Him.

When my frame is worn with sickness,
And with tears my eyelids swim,
I can hear the promise ringing
Like some sweet and heavenly hymn ;
Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
No man can work like Him.

When the way is closed in darkness
And my foes are fierce and grim,
Still it sings above the conflict
Like some glad, victorious hymn ;
Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
No man can work like Him.

When my heart is crushed with anguish
And the waters reach the brim,
Faith can hear the mighty chorus
Like some glorious battle hymn ;
Nothing is too hard for Jesus,
No man can work like Him.

Glory.

I HAVE found a heaven below,
I am living in the glory ;
O ! the joy and strength I know
While I'm living in the glory of the Lord

Storms of sorrow 'round me fall,
But I'm living in the glory ;
I can sing above them all,
I am living in the glory of the Lord.

Satan cannot touch my heart
While I'm living in the glory ;
This disarms each fiery dart,
I am living in the glory of the Lord.

I can triumph over pain
While I'm living in the glory ;

I can count each loss a gain,
When I'm living in the glory of the Lord.

I am poor and little known,
But I'm living in the glory ;
And I'm waiting for a Throne,
And I'm living in the glory of the Lord,

Soon my King will come for me
To be with Him in the glory ;
Then my sweeter song shall be
I'm reigning in the glory of the Lord.

It Means Just What It Says

THERE are some who believe the Bible
And some who believe a part,
Some who trust with a reservation,
And some with all the heart.
But I know that its every promise
Is firm and true always ;
It is as tried as the precious silver,
And it means just what it says.

It assures me of salvation
Thro' Jesus' precious blood,
For the souls that will trust His mercy,
And yield themselves to God.
And I claim for myself the promise,
And just begin to praise ;
For it says I am saved by trusting,
And I'm saved just as it says.

And it tells me there is cleansing
From every secret sin,
And a great and full salvation
To keep the heart within.
And I take Him in His fullness,
With all His glorious grace,
For He says it is mine by taking,
And I take just what He says.

And it tells me He will heal me,
And hear my feeblest cry;
And that all His royal bounty
Will all my need supply.
And I seem to know no better
Than trust Him all my ways,
For He says I may trust Him fully;
And I trust Him just as He says.

Let me hearken to all His precepts,
And instantly obey.

Let me run to perform His bidding,
Whatever He may say.
Let me cherish His least commandment
And walk in all His ways;
Let me always obey my Master,
And do just what He says.

It is strange we trust each other,
And only doubt our Lord;
We will take the words of mortals,
And yet distrust His Word.
But, O! what a light and glory
Would shine o'er all our days,
If we always would remember,
He means just what He says.

I Have Overcome For Thee.

FAINTING soldiers of the Lord,
Hear the sweet inspiring word,
I have vanquished all thy foes,
I have suffered all thy woes ;
Struggling soldiers, trust in me,
I have overcome for thee.

Fear not, though thy foes be strong,
Faint not, though the fight be long ;
Trust thy glorious Captain's power,
Watch with Him one little hour ;
Hear Him calling, "Follow Me,
I have overcome for thee."

Soon the conflict shall be done,
Soon the battle shall be won ;
Soon shall wave the victor's palm,
Soon shall sing the eternal Psalm ;
Then our joyful song shall be,
I have overcome through Thee.

God's Best.

GOD has His best things for the few
Who dare to stand the test ;
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best.

It is not always open ill
That risks the Promised Rest ;
The better, often, is the foe
That keeps us from the best.

There's scarcely one but vaguely wants
In some way to be blest ;
'Tis not Thy blessing, Lord, I seek,
I want Thy very best.

And others make the highest choice,
But, when by trials pressed,
They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross,
And so they loose the best.

I want, in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed
Of service true for God and man ;
Help me to be my best.

I want to stand when Christ appears
In spotless raiment dressed ;
Numbered among His hidden ones,
His holiest and best.

I want, among the victor throng,
To have my name confessed ;
And hear my Master say at last,
Well done ; you did your best.

Give me, O Lord, Thy highest choice ;
Let others take the rest ;
Their *good things* have no charm for me,
For I have got *Thy best.*

God's Thoughts.

TEACH me Thy thoughts, O God!
Talk with me day by day;
And help me through life's mazy path
To understand Thy way.

Teach me Thy thoughts, O God!
Think Thou, Thyself, in me,
Then shall I only always think
Thine own thoughts after Thee.

I know the thoughts of man
With fading lustre shine;
I know my thoughts are empty dreams
Without Thy touch divine.

Teach me Thy thoughts, O God!
What message shall I give

To this strange age of earnest men,
This age in which I live?

Teach me Thy thoughts, O God!
Show me Thy plan Divine;
Save me from all my plans and works,
And lead me into Thine.

Teach me Thy thoughts, O God!
Thy coming is at hand;
The signals of the glorious day,
O, let me understand!

Teach me Thy thoughts, O God!
My spirit longs for Thee;
And best of all Thy thoughts is this,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

The Love of Christ.

I DO not think, I only trust and love ;
My restless thoughts would oft my love betray ;
But O, how sweet to still the throbbing brain,
And in the heart's deep silent heaven to stay !

I want to love like Him, who first loved me;
If He had thought, He had not loved at all ;
But He refused to see my sin and blame,
And loved, and loves me still in spite of all.

O help me, Lord, to love, and not to think!
To live within the heart's sweet sanctuary.

To draw my life from love's immortal springs,
And find e'en here the heaven that is to be.

Make me as one beheaded, blind and deaf ;
With nothing left but one great heart of love.
Enough that Thou dost think, and know, and judge.
My part to be the gentle, harmless dove.

I want my heart to grow from day to day,
Till it shall reach the measure of Thine own ;
Till I have room to hold Thy heart in mine
And all my soul becomes Love's royal throne.

The love that springs from outward sight and sense
Is earth-born; ebbing like the changing tides;
The Christ love springs spontaneous from above
And, like the life of God, unchanged abides.

The earth love looks for worth before it loves;
The Christ love, like the glorious Sun of heaven,
Reflects its glory on the worthless one,
And loves the loveliness itself hath given.

I want the love that cannot help but love;
Loving, like God, for very sake of love.
A spring so full that it must overflow,
A fountain flowing from the throne above.

Love's Portrait.

I WANT the love that suffers and is kind,
That envies not, nor vaunts its pride or fame,
Is not puffed up, does no discourteous act,
Is not provoked, nor seeks its own to claim.

I want the love that thinks no evil thought
Nor dwells complacent on another's sin,
But in the truth delights, and evermore
Still seeks the erring to the truth to win.

I want the love that springs from holy faith,
And still believes, although it cannot see;
That even for the hopeless, hopes the best,
And loves because of what is yet to be.

I want the love that all things sweetly bears
Whate'er my Father's hand may choose to send ;
I want the love that patiently endures
The wrongs that come from human foe or friend.

There is but One can live and love like this;
The Christ-love from the living Christ must spring ;
O ! Jesus ! come and live Thy life in me,
And all Thy heaven of love and blessing bring.

Looking Over.

ONCE, of old, on Hebron's height,
Jesus stood one glorious night
In Transfiguration bright,
Looking over.

Past the cross where He should die,
Past the grave where He should lie,
Over to His Throne so high,
Looking over.

Down the mountain He could see
Kedron's vale and Calvary's Tree;
But how small they seem to be,
Looking over.
Dwarfed before the vision bright,
Lost amid the Eternal light,
Bursting on His ravished sight,
Looking over.

He could see the lifted stone,
He could see the Ascension Throne,
Satan, Sin and Death o'erthrown,
Looking over.
He could see the Gospel roll
O'er the world from pole to pole

Making ruined sinners whole,
Looking over.

He could see the ransomed throng,
He could hear the rapturous song
Rolling on through ages long,
Looking over.
He could see His glorious Bride
Saved and seated by His side,
And His soul was satisfied
Looking over.

Let us look from Hebron's height
Over all life's little night
To the Sunlit hills of Light,
Looking over.
And the joy that's set before
Every cross shall lift us o'er,
Till we stand on yonder shore,
Looking over.

Only Wait.

OFT there comes a gentle whisper o'er me stealing
When my trials and my burdens seem too great,
Like the sweet-voiced bells of evening softly pealing,
It is saying to my spirit, only wait !

When I cannot understand my Father's leading,
And it seems to be but hard and cruel Fate,
Still I hear the gentle whisper ever pleading,
God is working, God is faithful, only wait !

When the promise seems to linger long delaying,
And I tremble lest perhaps it come too late,
Still I hear that sweet-voiced angel ever saying
Though it tarry, it is coming, only wait !

When I see the wicked prosper in their sinning,
And the righteous pressed by many a cruel strait,
I remember this is only the beginning,
And I whisper to my spirit, only wait !

Oh ! how little soon will seem our hardest sorrow ;
And how trifling is our present brief estate ;

Could we see it in the light of heaven's to-
morrow,
Oh ! how easy it would be for us to wait !

I have chosen my eternal portion yonder ;
I am pressing hard to reach yon heavenly
gate ;
And though oft along the way I weep and
wonder,
Still I hear that angel whisper, only
wait !

Hymns of Invitation.

The Son of Man.

THE Son of Man has come
To seek and save the lost ;
Was there ever such wonderful, wonderful love ?
Was there ever such wonderful cost ?

The Son of Man has come
To die for you and me ;
He has ransomed thy soul, He has cancelled thy sins,
He has nailed them to Calvary's tree.

The Son of Man has come
To seek and save thee now ;
O come to Him, yield to Him, give Him thy heart,
And before Him in penitence bow.

The Son of Man has come
To seek thy helpless heart;
He will teach thee to trust Him, and help thee to come,
And welcome thee just as thou art.

The Son of Man is come
To save from self and sin;
He is waiting to save to the uttermost bounds,
And to give thee His Spirit within.

The Son of Man is come,
Ere long the cry will ring;
Shall we hasten to meet Him, descending the skies,
As our Saviour and glorious King?

Come to Jesus Now.

LINGERING soul at Mercy's gate,
Why wilt thou forever wait?
Hasten ere it be too late;
Come to Jesus now.

Why, O why, will you delay?
Christ is here to point the way.
You may come, and come to-day;
Come to Jesus now.

Lingering soul, delay no more,
Haste ere life's brief day is o'er;
Haste, ere Mercy shuts the door;
Come to Jesus now.

Come Back to God.

LIKE some fond father over a lost one yearning,
So God is waiting for the soul's returning ;
O sinful soul, so long His mercy spurning,
He calls to thee, Come back, come back to God.

Come to the Father, who so long hath sought thee ;
Come to the Saviour, who so dearly bought thee ;
Come from the sin that hath such ruin wrought thee ;
Yield to His call, Come back, come back to God.

Far hast thou wandered in thy sinful straying ;
Long hast thou kept His patient love delaying ;

But still that love is waiting, knocking, praying,
O, sinful soul, come back, come back to God.

Come back to God, thy day of grace is dying;
Come back to-day, thy hours are swiftly flying;
O heed the angel hands that haste thee, crying,
Come back to-night; come back, come back to God.

Is It Right With God?

THERE's a question God is asking
Every conscience in His sight;
Let it reach thine inmost being,
Is it right with God, all right?

Is there anything unholy
  Thou art hiding from the light?
Is there any sinful secret?
  Is it right with God, all right?

Should the summons come to meet Him
  Ere shall end this very night,
Would He find thy house in order?
  Is it right with God, all right?

Are you waiting for His coming
  With your lamps all trimmed and bright?
Are your garments pure and spotless?
  Is it right with God, all right?

He who asks the searching question
  Waits to cleanse thee with His blood;
Let Him search thee, let Him cleanse thee,
  Make thee right, all right with God.

Nothing to Do But to Come.

OH ! how easy it is to be saved,
If to Jesus you only will come ;
He is waiting to welcome you just as you are,
And there's nothing to do but to come.

He hath said He'll "in no wise cast out"
The soul that to Jesus will come ;
Then come at His word, and His promise believe,
For there's nothing to do but to come.

His forgiveness will cover the past,
If only to Jesus you'll come ;
And His love and His grace for your future provide,
Till at length to His glory you come.

Do not struggle for feeling or faith,
  There is nothing to do but to come;
He is waiting to fill you with all you re-
    quire,
  From the moment to Jesus you come.

It is not the coming that saves,
  But the Christ at whose bidding we come;
Then come unto Him, He is waiting for
    thee,
And there's nothing to do but to come.

Oh! how easy it is to be saved!
  There is nothing to do but to come;
But how fearful if you, after all, should be
    lost!
  When there's nothing to do but to come!

Hymns of Healing.

Balm in Gilead.

AS I sadly look around me
O'er a world of grief and woe,
O the hearts that break with anguish,
O the bitter tears that flow ;
And I sometimes almost wonder
Is there none to help or care ?
Is there, then, no balm in Gilead ?
Is there no Physician there ?

There is healing in the Promise,
There is healing in the Blood,
There is strength for all our weakness
In the Risen Son of God ;
And the feeblest of His children
All His glorious life may share ;
He has better balm than Gilead,
He's the Great Physician there.

O how sad that lives should languish,
O how sad that hearts should bleed ;
Christ has brought a full salvation ;
There is help for all our need.
'Tis because they will not trust Him ;
Hearts are asking everywhere
Is there, then, no balm in Gilead ?
Is there no Physician there?

Would you prove the Great Physician,
You must do what He commands ;
Carefully obey His orders,
Lie submissive in His hands.
You must trust without a question,
Cast upon Him every care ;
And you'll find there's balm in Gilead,
There's a Great Physician there.

Healing in His Wings.

TO those that fear Jehovah's name,
How sweet the word the prophet brings !
"The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
With healing in His wings."

It is to those who fear His name,
His healing power the Saviour brings ;
O ! let us hide, with contrite hearts,
Beneath His healing wings.

He is the Sun of Righteousness,
And while to sin our spirit clings
We cannot know His healing touch,
Or rest beneath His wings.

It is His wings that heal our pains,
And soothe the serpent's poisoned stings;
Close to His bosom we must press,
To feel His healing wings.

Beneath those healing wings I rest,
While all my heart with rapture sings,
The Sun of Righteousness has ris'n,
With healing in His wings!

Chimes of Hope.

Some Sweet Morn.

SOME sweet morn the day shall break,
Never more to sink in night.
Some sweet morn we shall awake
'Mid the everlasting light.

Some sweet day the end shall come,
To our parting and our pain ;
Some sweet day we'll all go home,
Nevermore to part again.

Some sweet morn our mortal frame
Shall His glorious image bear ;
Some sweet hour our worthless name
All His majesty shall share.

Some sweet time we'll weep no more
O'er these scenes of sin and woe,
Christ shall reign from shore to shore,
Heaven come down to dwell below.

Some sweet day our tongue shall tell,
All the story of His love ;
Some sweet day our song shall swell,
Loud and sweet as songs above.

Some sweet morn we'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied ;
Some sweet day in His embrace
We shall evermore abide.

Even So.

THERE'S a sweet and sacred prayer
On the last prophetic page,
Breathed by John on Patmos' Isle,
Left for us from age to age ;
Echo of the Master's Voice,
Lo I come, I quickly come ;
And the Bride repeats the cry,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, come."

"Even so ;" we seldom dream
What these mighty words imply ;
How they tell of lives conformed
To a Hope so great and high ;
Tell of hearts transformed and free,
Ready at His call to go ;
All our life one living page—
"Come, Lord Jesus, even so."

Let us live our blessed Hope,
  Let us prove our Advent prayer ;
Let us watch and work and pray
  For His coming to prepare ;
Let us send the Gospel forth
  Till the world His Name shall know ;
And the Bride complete shall cry,
  " Come, Lord Jesus, Even so."

" Even so ; " the Blessed Hope
  Lifts our souls to things on high ;
Let our hearts be centred there,
  Hold our treasures in the sky ;
Let us walk as strangers here
  And inscribe on all below
Naught of earth we call our own,
  Christ is coming, " Even so."

Ready.

THERE are voices in the air, filling men
with hope and fear ;
There are signals everywhere that the end
is drawing near,
There are warnings to prepare, for the King
will soon be here ;
O it must be the Coming of the Lord !

Troublous times are gathering round, days
of lawlessness and crime,
Mighty earthquakes shake the ground, war
clouds rise in every clime,
While there comes a solemn sound, "We are
near the end of time ;"
O it must be the coming of the Lord !

And we see the Heavenly Bride putting on
her garments fair,
He is calling her aside, He is bidding her
prepare,

And, with garments white and tried, rise to
meet Him in the air ;
O it must be the coming of the Lord !

Israel's sons, oppressed so long, God begins
at length to bring,
After centuries of wrong, they are gathering
to their King,
And their glad millennial song soon on
Zion's heights will ring ;
O it must be the coming of the Lord !

See the Gospel quickly fly over every Chris-
tian land,
See the heavenly heralds vie at the Master's
last command ;
Hark ! ten thousand voices cry, Lo ! the
hour is just at hand ;
O it must be the coming of the Lord !

Roll On.

THE years are rolling swiftly on,
The century will soon be gone;
Roll on, ye flying years, and bring
The coming of our glorious King.

The busy world is rolling on,
Proud Mammon rules a royal throne;
Presumptious man his God defies,
And builds his Babel to the skies.

The tides of sin are rolling on,
And darker deeds and crimes are done;
The purging fires must soon begin,
And judgment end the curse of sin.

The cause of God is rolling on,
The fight of faith will soon be won ;
The Gospel speeds to every land,
The Master's coming is at hand.

Roll on, ye wheels of time, roll on !
And haste the glad millennial dawn ;
Roll on, ye flying years, and bring
The coming of our glorious King !

Meet Me in the Air.

WILL you meet me in the air,
When the Lord from heaven shall come?
Will you greet me over there,
When the ransomed gather home?

Will you meet me in the air
When the work of life is done?
Will you meet me over there,
When the fight of faith is won?

Will you meet me in the air
When the reaping day shall come?
Will you greet me over there,
In the joyful Harvest Home?

Will you meet me in the air,
From some distant heathen land?
Shall we meet you over there
In some Missionary Band?

Will you meet me in the air
With a robe of spotless white?
Will you greet me over there
With a crown of glory bright?

Will you meet me in the air
With a train of ransomed ones?
Will you greet me over there
Brighter than ten thousand suns?

He is Coming for Me.

WOULD you know why I'm longing for the coming of the Lord,
And watching His glory to see?
'Tis because H's my Bridegroom, belov'd and adored,
And I know He is coming for me.

Would you know why He's robed in His garments pure and white,
And bidden me ready to be,
With the oil in my vessels, my lamps trimmed and bright?
'Tis because He is coming for me.

Would you know why no longer I can call the world my home,
And my heart from its fetters is free?

'Tis because I am waiting for my Bride-
groom to come,
And I know He is coming for me.

Would you know why I'm sending out the
tidings unto all,
And warning from judgment to flee?
He has sent me His guests to the wedding to
call,
For He's coming, and coming for me.

Poems of Travel.

Wipe my Tears.

"WON'T you wipe my tears?" said a dying child,
As she lay on her bed of pain,
For the scalding tears o'er her bleeding face
Ran down like the drops of rain.

She had always known what it was to weep,
Since her childhood's earliest years,
Till her lips had got used to the pitiful prayer,
"Won't you wipe my scalding tears?"

"Won't you wipe my tears?" was her constant cry,
As they poured o'er her blistered face,

And the more she struggled to keep them
back,
The more they would flow apace.
And her little life was a living death,
With its weight of griefs and fears,
Till it breathed itself out with the pitiful
cry,
"Won't you wipe, won't you wipe my
tears?"

"Won't you wipe my tears?" 'tis the bitter
cry,
That is echoing o'er and o'er,
From the sin and shame of our city slums,
And every heathen shore.
Shall it call in vain to our selfish hearts,
Shall we shut our careless ears,
To the pitiful wail of a sorrowing world,
As it cries, "Won't you wipe my tears?"

There is only One who can wipe the tears,
Only One who can help and save;
Shall we dare to hoard up the bread of life,
While they sink to a hopeless grave?
Let us haste to give them the blessed hope
That has healed our griefs and fears,
Till this sorrowing world shall be brought to Him
Who has wiped away our tears.

Christ is Conqueror, Hallelujah!

SUGGESTED BY A MOTTO IN DR. STEVENSON'S OFFICE, C. I. M., SHANGHAI.

WE are soldiers of the Heavenly Legion,
We are marching through a hostile region,
All the hosts of hell our way withstanding,
Christ Himself His mighty host commanding,
Hear your Captain's glorious watchword to you,
Christ is Conqueror, Conqueror, Hallelujah!

Hostile legions throng the Heavenly places,
Fear them not, but set like flint your faces;
All the hosts of hell need not alarm you,

All their fiery darts can never harm you,
Only hear your Captain calling to you,
Christ is Conqueror, Conqueror, Hallelujah!

Trust not in the arm of flesh, 'twill fail you,
God's own armor only will avail you,
He who from the fight returned victorious,
Leads you forth to triumph just as glorious.
Hear Him, Heavenly soldier, calling to you,
Christ is Conqueror, Conqueror, Hallelujah!

Forward, soldiers of the Heavenly Legion,
Win for Jesus every hostile region,
Stay not till the banner of Salvation
Floats in triumph over every nation.
And o'er all the world victorious through you,
Christ is Conqueror, Conqueror, Hallelujah!

Help Along.

THERE is something all can do,
Though you're neither wise nor strong;
You can be a helper true,
You can stand when friends are few;
Some lone heart has need of you,
You can help along.

Few are called to bear command
In the busy, battling throng,
But, amid some little band,
By your leader you can stand,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
You can help along.

There are streams that reach the sea,
Mighty rivers, swift and strong;
There are some that seem to be

Feeders only, flowing free,
Simply used, like you and me,
Just to help along.

You can help by holy prayer,
Helpful love and joyful song ;
O ! the burdens you may bear ;
O ! the sorrows you may share !
O ! the crowns you yet may wear,
If you help along.

Pass It On.

HAVE you found some precious treasure?
Pass it on, pass it on ;
Have you found some holy pleasure?
Pass it on, pass it on ;
God Himself is always giving,
Loving is the truest living,
Letting go is twice possessing,
Would you double every blessing?
Pass it on, pass it on.

Have you found the branch of healing?
Pass it on, pass it on ;
Have you felt the Spirit's sealing?
Pass it on, pass it on ;
'Twas for this His mercy found you ;
Hearts are hungry all around you ;
Others' sorrows need redressing,
Do not longer hoard your blessing,
Pass it on, pass it on.

Is your heart to something clinging?
  Pass it on, pass it on,
And to Jesus gladly bringing,
  Pass it on, pass it on;
He who saves his life shall lose it;
Would you gain the world? refuse it;
Would you keep your joy forever?
Know a love that naught can sever?
  Pass it on, pass it on.

Pass it on to every nation,
  Pass it on, pass it on;
Give the world this great salvation,
  Pass it on, pass it on;
Myriads still in sin are lying,
Every breath a soul is dying;
Tell the world salvation's story,
Haste to bring the coming glory,
  Pass it on, pass it on.

A Cry Is Ever Sounding.

A CRY is ever sounding
Upon my burdened ear,
A cry of pain and anguish
A cry of woe and fear.
It is the voice of myriads
Who grope in heathen night,
It is the call of Jesus,
To rise and send them light.

With every pulse's beating,
Another soul is gone
With all its guilt and sorrow,
To stand before the Throne
And learn, with awful wonder,
The story of that grace
Which God to us entrusted,
For all our fallen race.

Oh ! how the Master's bosom
Must swell with love and pain,
As evermore they meet Him,
That sad and ceaseless train !
And if He holds us guilty
For all our brothers' blood,
What answer can we offer
Before the Throne of God ?

Oh ! patient Lord and Master !
Forgive Thy children's crime ;
Help us to send Thy Gospel
To every race and clime ;
To trust Thy love and power,
Thy promised presence claim,
Nor rest till every creature
Has heard Messiah's name.

Thy Brother's Blood.

WHERE is thy brother? Hear the solemn question;
The Lord is asking it of me and thee;
Where is thy brother? Hark! His blood is crying,
Is crying from a lost eternity.

Where is thy brother? He who walked beside thee,
What hast thou done to lead him to thy God?
Why hast thou never warned him, sought him, saved him?
And God will hold thee guilty of his blood.

Where is thy brother? Out in heathen darkness,
Where myriads die in helpless guilt and gloom;
What wilt thou answer when these murdered millions
Shall charge the Church of Jesus with their doom?

He gave the Gospel to thee for thy brother,
And bade thee tell it out in every land;
How couldst thou rob thy brother of salvation?
His blood will God require at thy hand.

What right have we to hoard this precious treasure,
And leave a thousand million souls to die?
What shalt thou answer, brother, when against thee
The blood of murdered souls to Heaven shall cry?

Gideon's Band.

WHEN of old, at Gideon's summons,
Israel's thirty thousand came,
God refused that mighty army,
Lest the glory man might claim.
And the myriad hosts of Midian
Back were driven from the land,
Not by Israel's thirty thousand,
But by Gideon's little band.

Once again, the hosts of Jesus
Gather 'round His standard true;
Once again, the Lord is choosing
Not the many, but the few.
And the Gospel of the Kingdom
Shall be preached in every land,
Not by all the church's millions,
But by Gideon's little band.

Who are they, the brave and valiant,
Knowing neither doubt nor fear?
Who are they? the wise and wary,
Watching when the foe is near?
God is calling out His tried ones,
In the testing day to stand;
Who will join the glorious legion?
Who'll belong to Gideon's band?

Lo! the weapons of our warfare!
Torches fired with holy flame;
Trumpets telling of salvation
Through the Saviour's glorious name;
Broken pitchers, hearts surrendered,
Ranks united, hand in hand.
These shall win the world for Jesus
Through the might of Gideon's band.

God is calling for our weakness,
He will give the strength divine;

Jesus! take my broken pitcher,
Let my torch more brightly shine;
Help me sound the Gospel trumpet
Till it rings through every land;
Help me win the world for Jesus;
Make me one of Gideon's band.

Hold the Ropes.

DOWN amid the depths of heathen darkness
There are heroes true and brave,
Shrinking not from pain, and toil and danger,
They have gone to help and save.
But we hear them calling, "Do not leave us
'Mid these dreadful depths to drown;
Let us ever feel your arms beneath us,
Hold the ropes, as we go down."

So beneath the billows of the ocean
Divers plunge for treasures rare,
But through human hands and help above them,
Still they breathe the upper air.
Seeking precious pearls of richer value,
Braver hearts have dared to go ;
But our faithful hands must every moment
Hold the ropes that reach below.

Who can understand the awful darkness
Of these realms of Sin and Death ?
Even the very air is scorched and poisoned
With the Dragon's fetid breath
But across the wildest ocean billows
Love can reach to heathen lands ;
And beneath the deepest, darkest surges
Prayer can hold a brother's hands.

Let us hold the ropes with hands more loyal,
Let us pray with faith more strong ;

Let the love that never fails or falters
Faint not, though the strife be long.
Let us lay our treasures on the altar,
Let us give our children, too ;
There's a part for each in this great battle,
And the Lord hath need of you.

Think you, was it only for our brothers
Jesus spake His last commands?
Is there nothing left for you to suffer
In these dark and heathen lands?
If you cannot go yourself to save them,
There are those that you can send ;
And with loving arms stretched out to help them,
Hold the ropes, as they descend.

Anywhere with Jesus.

ANYWHERE my Master needs me,
Let me never answer no ;
Everywhere my Saviour leads me,
Let me ever gladly go.

If He needs me in the kitchen,
Let me never answer no ;
If He bids me toil and suffer,
Let me always gladly go.

If He needs me in the furnace,
Let me never answer no ;
With Him to the Cross, the Garden,
Let me also gladly go.

If He calls to hardest service,
Let me never answer no ;

If He needs me, if he leads me,
'Tis enough, I'll gladly go.

If to heathen lands he calls me,
Let me never anwser no ;
Telling out the great salvation,
In His name I'll gladly go.

If He needs my gold and silver,
Let me never answer no.
All I am and have, I offer,
Gladly helping others go.

If He needs my fondest treasure,
Let me never answer no ;
Even to Moriah's altar
With my Saviour I would go.

If He only needs my silence,
  Let me never answer no ;
I am waiting for His orders,
  Pleased alike to stay or go.

Away.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

AWAY across the ocean,
  Away beyond the sea,
The cry of dying millions
  Is calling still to me.
It rings through all my being,
  I can no longer stay ;
It is the voice of Jesus,
  And I must haste away.

Away where China's millions
  In depths of darkness lie,
Away where India's myriads
  In Christless anguish die.

Away where Congo's waters
'Mid heathen nations roll,
The cry of dying millions
Is piercing all my soul.

In vain the world would tempt me
To seek my fortune here ;
In vain my heart would hold me
By ties more fond and dear ;
My Master calls me onward,
My heart is all aglow ;
My home is with the heathen,
And oh ! I long to go.

I do not want your pity,
I only feel for you ;
For angels well might envy
The work that I may do.
Farewell ! my friends, my kindred,
Think of me when you pray ;

I hear my Master calling,
And I must haste away.
Some day across the ocean,
Some day beyond the skies,
There'll be no farewell meetings,
There'll be no broken ties;
O! shall your crown be studded
With ransomed souls that day?
I go to win my jewels,
Farewell! I haste away.

Japan for Jesus.

JAPAN, Japan for Jesus!
It is the Master's call.
Let us repeat the battle cry
Till all her idols fall.

Japan, Japan for Jesus!
Be this our watchword bold,

Till over all her hills and plains
The Gospel shall been told.

Japan, Japan for Jesus!
Repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till it shall echo back to heaven
From every island shore.

Japan, Japan for Jesus!
Resound it loud and long,
Till heaven and earth their voices join
In one Millennial song.

Beautiful Japan.

OFF the coast of Asia, 'mid the mighty ocean,
Lies an island empire, strangely fair and bright;

Ere the morning sunbeams touch the Asian
headlands
All her isles are glowing in the dawning
light.
Kingdom of the Sunrise, well her children
call her,
For 'mid Asian nations she is in the van,
First to catch the radiance of a brighter sun-
rise,
Islands of the Morning, beautiful Japan.

Like a youthful giant, she is leaping on-
ward,
Gathering up the spoils of every age and
clime,
She has caught the vision of a grander
future,
She would fain outspeed the very march of
time ;
But her boasted progress and her brightest
culture

Only can exalt the pride and power of man,
What she needs is Jesus and His glorious Gospel ;
Only Christ can save thee, beautiful Japan.

At the gates of Asia, foremost of her nations,
God has set this people, in His wondrous plan.
China's teeming myriads and Corea's millions
Wait for her to lead them to the Son of Man.
Rise to meet thy mission, haste to claim thy calling
'Mid Millennial nations, leading on the van,
First to catch the sunrise of the Coming Kingdom,
Islands of the Morning, beautiful Japan.

Land of wondrous beauty, what a charm there lingers
Over every landscape, every flower and tree;
But a brighter glory waits to burst upon thee
Than thy cloud-capped mountains or thy inland sea.

'Tis the Father's glory in the face of Jesus,
'Tis the blessed Gospel of redeeming love.
Wake to meet the dawning of the heavenly sunrise,
Rise to hail the glory shining from above.

Wave the Gospel Banner.

SUNG AT THE FAREWELL MEETING OF THE INDIA PARTY, JULY 25TH, 1892, ASBURY PARK, N. J.

WAVE the Gospel banner over India's plains,

Thrice a hundred millions lie in captive chains;
Thrice ten thousand daily die in Christless woe;
Is there none to pity, is there none to go?

Land of wondrous glory, land of wealth untold,
Land of mighty races, land of story old,
Glorious Lord and Master, on Thy brow Divine,
Brightest of Thy jewels India yet shall shine.

Who can tell thy sorrow, who can paint thy shame?
Rites of nameless horror in religion's name;
Woman's deep dishonor, childhood's awful blight,
Souls immortal sinking into endless night.

Land of many a martyr, many a holy grave,
Let the blood-stained banner wide o'er India wave ;
What if it be crimsoned by the heart's rich blood ?
Is thy life too precious for the Son of God ?

Weak are all our efforts, vain our tears and blood,
India, naught can save thee, nothing less than God.
O, Thou great Jehovah, speak the word divine,
Then, with all her myriads, India shall be Thine.

India for Jesus.

INDIA for Jesus and Jesus for India,
This is the message we bear ;

India for Jesus and Jesus for India,
This is our watchword and prayer.
Over the Ghauts and the hills of Sappura,
Over the plains of Berar,
Over the beautiful valley of Krishna,
Echo the chorus afar.

Over Madras and the Nizam's dominions,
Over the groves of Ceylon,
Over the Deacon, the Punjaub and Burmah,
Echo it on and still on.
On till the murmuring Ganges shall bear it
Down to the Bay of Bengal ;
On till the heights of Himallya repeat it
Over the hills of Nepaul.

Sing till the voices of Hindu and Moslem
Blend in the glorious strain ;
Sing till the notes of the Brahmin and Sweeper

Join in the mighty refrain.
Sing it in English, Marathi and Hindi,
Over the land let it ring ;
Teach them in Telugo, Tamil and Urdu
India for Jesus to sing.

India for Jesus and Jesus for India ;
Over our land let it ring,
Calling the Church to her glorious mission,
India to Jesus to bring ;
Bidding the lingering heralds of mercy
Fly with the Gospel abroad,
Till from her hilltops the watchmen shall answer,
"India has turned unto God."

India for Jesus and Jesus for India ;
Master, the work must be Thine ;
Thine is the Power, and thine is the Promise ;
Send us the Baptism divine.

And, as the Monsoons that sweep o'er the
mountains,
Watering each valley and plain,
So may the Spirit, in showers of blessing,
Come with abundance of rain.

The Southern Cross.

STARS of the southern heavens,
I greet you in His name,
Who hung your torches yonder,
And lit their glowing flame.

Oft in the northern midnight
I've seen Orion shine,
The brightest constellation
Of yonder arch divine.

The silver light of Sirius,
The wondrous Pleiades,

The never-changing Pole Star,
Oft have I gazed on these.

But I have longed to see thee,
Fair Southern Cross, arise,
The mystic sign of Jesus
Engraven on the skies.

Shine on, thou wondrous signal,
Bright lamp from heaven above ;
Tell out o'er earth and ocean
The mystery of His love.

O'er Australasian Islands,
And Afric's burning sands,
And India's teeming millions,
And all the Christless lands.

Tell how the Lord of Heaven
Gave up His Son to die,

Till men shall catch the meaning
Of Christ and Calvary.

His Church has long neglected
To make the message known,
But God has hung the signal,
To flash it from the throne.

They say its stars are tinted,
Like Calvary's crimson hue ;
The very heavens confess Him
Who died for me and you.

The Southern Cross is hanging
Low in the eastern sky ;
I almost long to grasp it,
And lift it up on high.

The glorious constellation
Is slowly travelling on ;

And lo! erect it standeth,
Long ere the night is gone.

Yes, and Thy cross, O, Jesus,
Is rising evermore;
And soon its light and glory
Shall shine from shore to shore.

Amid yon starry cluster
Two crosses I can see;
One is the cross of Jesus,
And one is left for me.

One stands erect to heaven;
'Tis His who suffered there;
And one is prostrate lying,
For us to take and bear.

I lift Thy cross, O Jesus,
O'er every heathen land;
And mine I take and carry
At Thy divine command.

The Land of Sinim.

THERE'S a promise for the land of Sinim,
It was spoken long ago,
And it tells us that the sons of China
Unto Jesus yet shall flow.
They shall gather from the far-off regions,
From the north and from the west,
They shall gather from the Land of Sinim
In the mansions of the blest.

There is darkness in the Land of Sinim,
For the Dragon's power is strong,
And the fetters of his cruel bondage
Have been forged for ages long.
But the Lion of the tribe of Judah
Has begun to break his chain,
And the captives from the Land of Sinim,
Are returning in His train.

There is sorrow in the Land of Sinim,
And there comes a ceaseless cry
From the little ones that faint and perish
And the prisoners doomed to die.
But they're coming from the Land of Sinim
With the happy, ransomed throng,
And the notes of China's sons shall mingle
In the everlasting song.

They are dying in the Land of Sinim,
Tens of thousands every day.
Every century a thousand millions
Pass in Christless gloom away.
Oh, the graves that cover every hillside!
Oh, the cry that ever more
Seems to haunt us from the tombs of China—
"Could you not have come before?"

I am going to the Land of Sinim,
I have heard the Master's call,

I have given up my life for China,
I have given Christ my all.
I am going with the glorious message
At the Master's last command.
I am going to receive my treasures
When they come for Sinim's land.

Only a Little Baby Girl.

ONLY a little baby girl
Dead by the river side;
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.

Over the boat too far she leaned,
Watching the dancing wave,
Over the brink she fell—she sank,
But there was none to save.

If she had only been a boy,
They would have heard her cry ;
But she was only a baby girl,
And she was left to die.

It was her fate, perhaps, they said;
Why should they interfere?
Had she not always been a curse?
Why should they keep her here?

So they have left her little form
Floating upon the wave ;
She was too young to have a soul,
Why should she have a grave?

Yes, and there's many another lamb
Perishing every day,
Thrown by the road or river side,
Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night,
  Clasping her darling child,
Willing to leave these fainting lambs
  Out on the desert wild?

Is there a little Christian girl
  Happy in love and home,
Living in selfish ease, while they
  Out on the mountains roam?

Think, as you lie on your little cot,
  Smoothed by a mother's hand,
Think of the little baby girls
  Over in China's land.

Think if there is not something more
  Even a child can do;
And if perhaps in China's land
  Jesus has need of you.

Only a little baby girl
Dead by the river side ;
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.

But it has brought a vision vast,
Dark as a nation's woe ;
O ! has it left one willing heart
Answering, " I will go ! "

Tell the Polynesian.

DOWN where the balmy Southern Ocean
Flows amid the fair Malaysian Isles,
Where, over scenes of wondrous beauty,
One eternal summer ever smiles,
Know ye that sunk in heathen darkness
Teeming tribes and many nations dwell?
Know ye that Christ is loudly calling,
Who will go, a Saviour's love to tell?

All else is fair in these bright regions,
God has stamped His glory everywhere;
Bathed in the light of Orient sunshine
Isle and ocean shine like jewels rare.
Oh, what a diadem of glory
These would be upon Immanuel's brow!
'Twas for His glory they were fashioned,
And to Him their millions yet shall bow.

Oft have the feet of faithful toilers
O'er these scenes of sin and sorrow trod;
Oft has the blood of holy martyrs
Stained these sands and claimed these
Isles for God.
But there is many a shore and island
Still enrapt in hopeless heathen night.
Oh, let us hear their voices calling,
Who will come and tell us of the light?

Christ cannot come till all these regions
Have been told the message of His grace;

And we are gathering out His jewels
From the men of every human race.
Oh, what a glory then shall cover
These fair scenes which Satan now defiles!
Say, will you have some precious jewels
From the beauteous Polynesian Isles?

The Dark Soudan.

I AM going to that dark, dark land
That lies by the Niger's shore;
I am going at the Lord's command,
And I fear not, as He goes before.
I am going to the dark Soudan,
I am going to the poor black man,
Christ is leading in the glorious van,
And I follow as He goes before.

They are dying in the dark Soudan,
That lies by the Niger's shore;

Let us save them while alone we can,
Ere for them the harvest-time is o'er.
Every day a thousand lost ones die,
Ninety millions still in darkness lie,
Let us listen to their pleading cry,
As it echoes from that heathen shore.

Christ has loved ones in the dark Soudan,
That lies by the Niger's shore ;
He has suffered for the poor black man,
And for him the cruel cross He bore.
With a love that danger never shuns
Let us go to find the wandering ones,
Let us go to bring His dark-browed sons
To the Father's wide-open door.

Christ is coming to the dark Soudan,
That lies by the Niger's shore ;
And the glory of the Son of Man
O'er its valleys and its plains shall pour.

Land of deepest, darkest heathen night,
Thou shalt yet be called into the light,
And in that Millennial morn so bright
Afric's sons at last shall weep no more.

Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM ! Jerusalem !
To me forever dear ;
My very heart doth beat with love
When thy sweet name I hear.

I love thy glorious walls and towers
That many a tale could tell ;
I love thy valleys and thy hills,
I love, I love thee well.

But most of all I love thee well
Because the Son of God
So oft o'er all these sacred scenes
With holy footsteps trod.

The halo of His presence still
Seems lingering all around,
And every spot your footsteps tread
You feel is holy ground.

But one sweet spot is dearer far
Than all the rest to me,
A low green hill hard by thy walls,
The hill called Calvary.

Nay, there's another spot I hold
With even fonder love,
The slope of Olivet where Christ
Arose to Heaven above.

Methinks the very smile of God
Is always lingering here ;
Methinks the very angel hosts
Are ever hovering near.

I sat upon that mountain side
O'erlooking Bethany,

And never shall my heart forget
What Jesus said to me?

It was not words, it was not thoughts,
'Twas just a breath of love,
But something for my heart it meant
All thoughts and words aove,

And this I know that message meant
That soon again He'll come,
And we shall meet on Olivet,
Our everlasting Home.

A short farewell! thy glorious King
Will soon begin His reign,
And then with Him some glorious day
I'm going back again.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Forever dear to me,
While life and love and God shall live,
I will remember thee.

Zion's Awaking.

AWAKE, awake, O Zion ;
Arise, Jerusalem ;
Shake off thy chains and sackcloth,
Put on thy diadem.
Thy night is almost over,
Thy dawning draweth near,
Thy day of promise hasteth,
Thy King will soon appear.

Long hath thy midnight lasted,
Hard hath thy bondage been ;
Cruel the shame and anguish
Thy weeping eyes have seen.
But lift thine eyes, O Zion,
Forget thy Wailing Place ;
Once more thy King is coming
In glory and in grace.

Thy sons are crowding to thee,
  Thy wastes are tilled once more ;
Thy latter rains returning,
  As in the days of yore.
The vineyards and the olives
  Once more thy mountains crown,
And 'neath the vine and fig tree
  Once more thy sons sit down.

Once more the grapes of Eschol
  In Hebron's vale are seen ;
Once more the plain of Sharon
  Is clothed in richest green.
The orange groves of Jaffa
  Hang rich with harvests rare,
And hill and valley blossom
  With flowers sweet and fair.

Thy streets and walls are spreading
  With many a structure fair,
Thy thoroughfares are crowded
  With traffic everywhere ;

Thy limits, stretching northward,
Fulfill the promised sign,
And soon thy walls will cover
The Prophet's measuring line.

And many a town and hamlet
Is growing o'er the land,
The harbinger of progress,
And brighter days at hand.
And many a little circle
Of Israel's sons has come,
And in thy ancient valleys
Has found a prosperous home.

And now the engine's whistle
Is heard on Sharon's plain,
And Judah's mountains echo
The rushing railway train.

Yes, and o'er Syrian railways,
They tell us, soon shall pour
The trade of western nations
To India's distant shore.

The messengers of Jesus
Are gathering at thy gates,
And many a faithful watchman
In Zion works and waits.
Once more from Zion's threshold
The stream begins to flow,
Whose deeper floods of blessing
To all the lands shall go.

From many a cruel nation
Thy suffering children flee,
Not knowing God is planning
To drive them home to thee.

Thy strange, pathetic story
  Men cannot understand—
A land without a people,
  A race without a land.

But Israel shall be gathered
  From every race and clime,
On Zion's holy mountain
  In God's appointed time.
But first the chosen "remnant"
  Their Saviour must receive,
The "first fruits" of the nation
  The Gospel must believe.

And then from Gentile nations
  The Lord must bring His own,
And unto every creature
  The witness be made known.

Then He hath surely promised
The glorious end shall come,
The King shall come to Zion
And Israel gather home.

We hail that glorious morning,
All things in earth and sky,
And even in scattered Israel
Proclaim its advent nigh.
Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy day begins to dawn.
Lord, haste its glad appearing,
Help us to speed it on !

All Around the World.

COMPOSED ON LEAVING AMERICA TO VISIT THE EAST, JANUARY, 1893.

ALL around the world I journey
Over many a land,
Bearing forth the great commission
At the Lord's command.
Many a danger lies around me,
Many a dart is hurled,
But I know His love will guard me
All around the world.

There are cables underlying
Every ocean wide;
Chords of love and prayer are stronger
Than the Atlantic's tide.

There's a ladder up to heaven
  Wheresoe'er we roam,
And the gates of prayer can never
  Find us far from home.

Hold me closely every moment
  In the arms of prayer ;
Let me feel your very heart-breath
  With me every where.
Let me know, as ever onward
  I am swiftly whirled,
Hosts unseen are marching with me
  All around the world.

Brothers, let us stretch our heart-strings
  Wide as human woe ;
All around this world of sorrow
  Let our blessing go.

Over every land and nation
Be His flag unfurled ;
Send the Gospel quickly, quickly,
All around the world.

Just Beyond the Golden Gate.

COMPOSED ON RETURNING TO AMERICA OFF GOLDEN GATE, JULY, 1893.

AS I sailed across the ocean,
Far beyond the Golden Gate,
All around was wild commotion,
And the night was dark and late.
But I, thought, beyond this ocean,
And this dark and cheerless night,
It is morning in the homeland,
And their sun is shining bright.

And methought how very often,
As we sail life's stormy way,
When the night is dark and cheerless
And we long for dawning day,
How 'twould cheer us to remember,
When the night is dark and late,
It is morning over yonder,
Just beyond the Golden Gate.

Yes, and home, as well as morning,
Waiting hearts and beck'ning hands;
O! how sweet to one returning
From the shores of far-off lands!
Yes, there is a better Home-land,
Where our wanderings all are o'er,
And there'l be a glad Home-coming,
When we meet to part no more.